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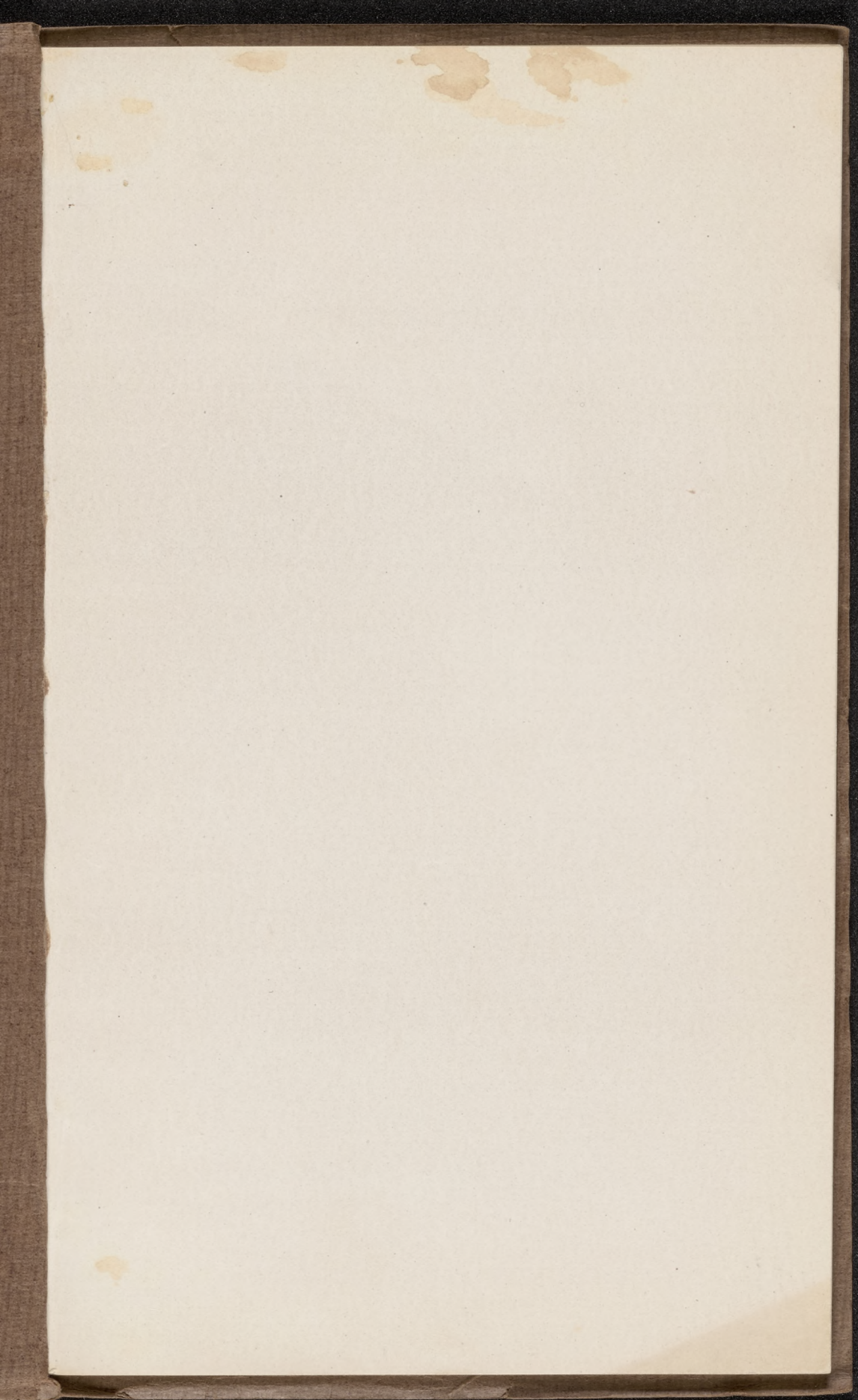
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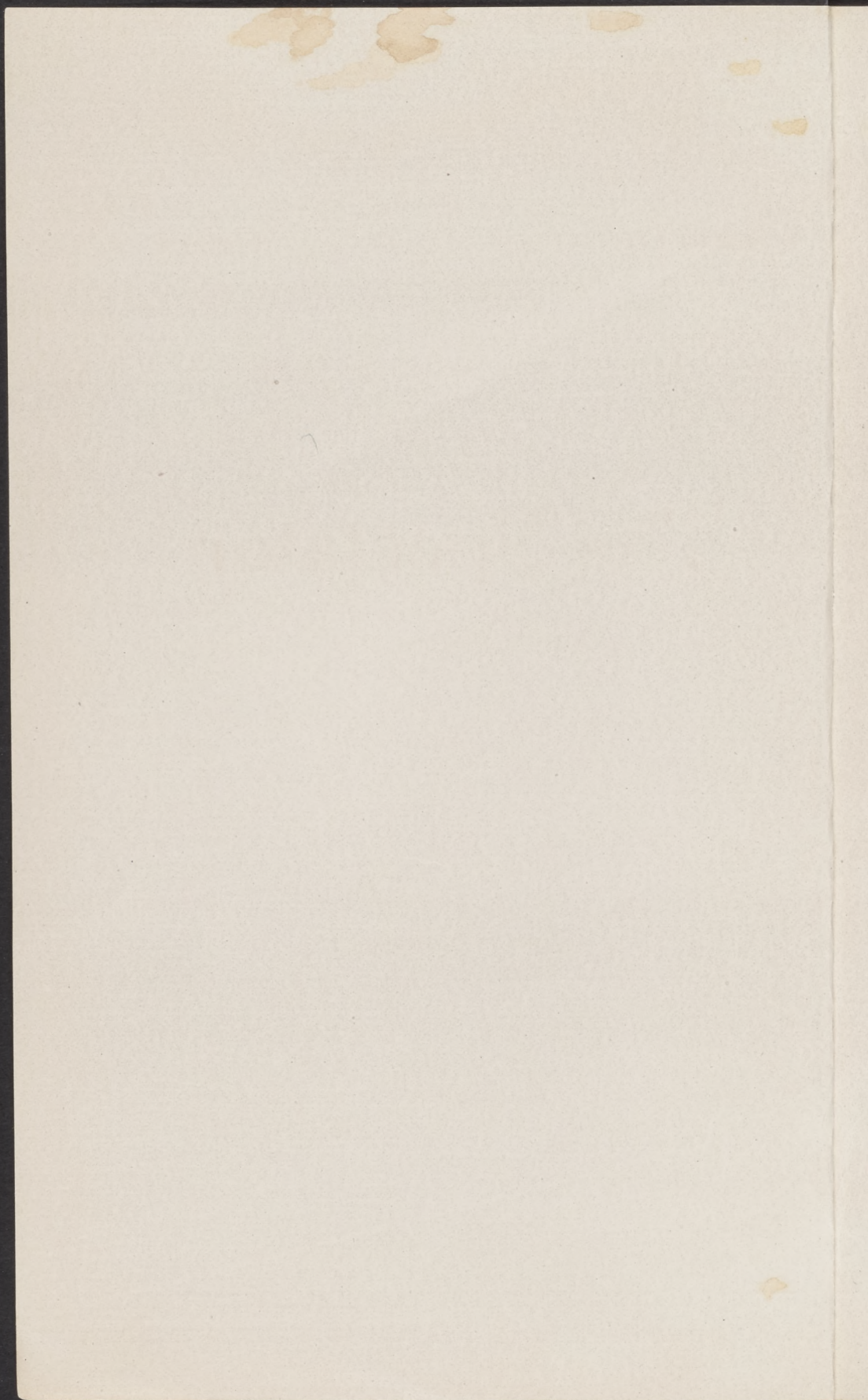
SPECTATOR













Volume VII

Number 4

# The Spectator

P u b l i s h e d   b y  
C l o v e r d a l e   U n i o n  
H i g h   S c h o o l

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June 7th, 1912



Greeting:  
To the Readers of this  
the  
Fourth Annual Issue  
of  
"The Spectator"





To Mr. A. W. Miller  
our beloved friend and principal  
we, the staff of 1912  
affectionately dedicate this issue of our  
"Spectator"



## Class Roll

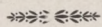
Frank G. Belford

Lloyd S. Browne

Florence M. Lile

John R. Sink

William T. Brush



Class Motto---Facta Probert

Class Flower---White Carnation

Class Colors---White and Gold



## Faculty

A. W. MILLER, B. S.

Univ. of Cal., 1908

JEAN E. SMITH, B. L.

Univ. of Cal., 1906, Post Graduate, 1911

HANNA PIERSON, Ph. M.

Univ. of Ottawa, 1905, Univ. of Berlin, 1904

LOUISE B. BAUR, B. L.

Univ. of Cal., 1904



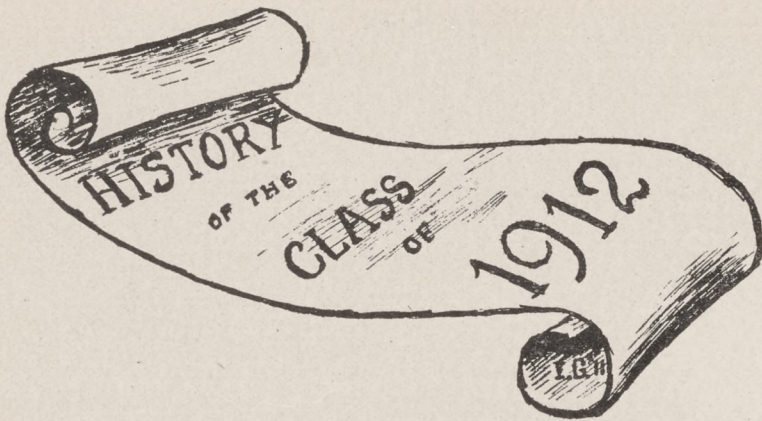
## Senior Poem

The days that have passed,  
The years that have gone,  
We may never recall;  
But nature so rules  
In our fight against time,  
The week by the way-side will fall.  
So let us remember in labor or play,  
While the future before us unfolds  
That time so swiftly fleeting away,  
Must reveal a secret untold.  
In the present the seed of the future is sown,  
Each their own harvest must reap.  
Bringing their burden wherever they roam,  
The joy of success or the sting of defeat.  
Then let us be strong, forgiving and kind,  
That our laughter may ever ring true.  
The harvest of joy in this we will find,  
The glory that comes to the efforts of few.

M. E. T., '13.

E. E. G.





LLOYD S. BROWN, '12

In September, 1908, the Cloverdale High School, greeted its largest Freshman class. We were a jolly band of nine girls and nine boys. (The girls were Florence Lile, Ethel Graham, Evelyn Smyth, Geneva Hale, Thelma Ingram, Lonie Allengrini, Lola Lea, Mabel Hill and Anita Grant. The boys were John Sink, Frank Belford, W. T. Brush, Delmar Vassar, Arthur Bolfig, Melvin Hotell, Joseph Rudee, Matthew Scanlon and Lloyd Browne.)

From the beginning to the end of that term we worked with a will. We were not awed by our upper classmen as freshmen usually are but we soon got the run of things and settled down to our share of the work.

In athletics our class led from the start for we had with us Frank Belford, winner of a medal in the Dipsea, and also a good baseball player. W. T. Brush and John Sink were stars in the Basket Ball Team for the four years. The Girls' Basket Ball Team also got their best material from our class in the persons of Ethel Graham and Anita Grant.

In our Sophomore and Junior years we kept our lead in school activities although our number had dwindled to seven.

Some members of our class held the highest offices in the O.



V. L. Society, and during all this time we retained our place as stars in athletics.

As Seniors, we lost two of our most valued class mates, Ethel Graham and Evelyn Smith, who entered Mission High School in San Francisco. But nevertheless our former influences still remained and we can not help but look back with pride to our achievements.

## The Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1912

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS that we, the graduating class of June, 1912, of the Cloverdale Union High School, of the City of Cloverdale, of the State of California, of these United States of America, being of sound mind and full age, do make, publish, and declare this our last will and testament; that is to say:

1. We bequeath to the Freshmen our dignity of bearing and solemnity of manner, which they are to assume on all possible occasions as was characteristic of its former owners.

2. Seeing the lack of such a possession we do herewith bequeath to the class of 1914 our noble High School Spirit.

3. We do will to the High School students the bust of Gaius Julius Caesar—on condition that they do not mutilate his beloved countenance and that they show it the same respect that was shown it by the departing class.

4. We do will and bequeath to the aforesaid High School students our most valued prescription which we highly recommend for success in life:

Rx.

16 oz. ambition, 12 oz. cheerfulness, 8  
oz. laughter; dissolve in 10 oz. of  
studiousness. To be shaken well and  
taken in large doses each morning  
before breakfast.



5. To all entering Freshman classes we do also will and bequeath the splendid example of presenting the H. S. with a picture.

6. We do hereby will "The Senior's Bench" to the class of '13.

7. We bequeath W. T. Brush's inexhaustive supply of excuses to Marvin Read, to be used when considered necessary, also we bequeath W. T's style of hairdressing to Phillip Prell.

8. We do herewith will and bequeath Florence Lile's fad for collecting botany specimens to Louise Wilson and Norma Hurlbert, share and share alike. Her nickname is hereby willed to Nettie Beasley.

9. To Charley Grant we bequeath Frank Belford's championship in running.

10. We bequeath John Sink's happy smile to the school at large, his musical talent we will to Ray Butler.

11. We do will and bequeath Lloyd Browne's agriculture ability to John Cooley on condition that he keep the girls out of the High School flower garden. We will the aforesaid's knowledge in poultry raising to Jasper Miller and Phillip Prell, share and share alike.

We have this day set our hands and affixed our seal this first day of June, the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

Witnesses:

Prof. Miller.

Miss H. Pierson.

Miss L. Baur.

Miss Jean Smith.

Lloyd Browne.

Frank Belford.

W. T. Brush.

Jack Sink.

Florence Lile.

Lives of Seniors all remind us,

That ours are of a different kind;

And they, departing leave behind them,

Tracks an Indian couldn't find.

With apologies to Longfellow.



## Commencement Programme

"Valse Brilliant," Moszkowski .....	Nettie Beasley
Greeting Song .....	The School
Invocation .....	Rev. Ira Karr
"Voices of the Woods" .....	The School
Valedictory .....	Florence Lile
Presentation of Diplomas .....	A. W. Miller
"O, Lovely Night" .....	High School Sextette

### PLAY—"BLUNDERING BILLY"

Act I—Billy arrives.

Act II—Billy falls in the bay.

Act III—Billy makes no mistake this time.



# EDIT-ORIAL



## STAFF

MAUDE THOMPSON, '13.....	Editor-In-Chief
FLORENCE LILE, '12.....	Assistant Editor
LUCILE BRUSH, '14.....	Literary
RUTH BELCHER, '13.....	Alumni Notes
GERTRUDE LUDWIG, '13.....	Social Notes
NETTIE BEASLEY, '13.....	Exchanges
LOUISE WILSON, '14.....	Staff Artist
JOHN COOLEY, '14.....	Joshes
ZOLA HOTELL, '14.....	} .....Associate Editors
NORMA HURLBERT, '13.....	
LLOYD BROWN, '12.....	
LUCRETIA WEYTHMAN, '15.....	
RAY BUTLER, '15.....	Boys' Athletics
THELMA THOMPSON, '15.....	Girls' Athletics

## BUSINESS STAFF

CHAS. H. GRANT, '14.....	Manager
JASPER MILLER, '14.....	Assistant Manager

When we came back to school this fall we found to our delight that the building had been remodeled. The High School was put in the lower part of the building with the Grammar School up stairs. This gives all pupils having studies in the laboratory the advantage of not having to climb up and down stairs. Nothing seemed to have been forgotten. The stoves were removed and highly polished radiators took their places in each room. A great deal of painting had been done and the



color scheme throughout the building was carefully considered.

Agriculture is being introduced into the school and good progress has been made this year in all out-door studies.

The Staff of "The Spectator" appreciates the good will of the many merchants who have advertised in the issue this year. Students can best repay the courtesy by patronizing those merchants who have shown themselves really interested in the Cloverdale High School.

The Editor wishes to take this opportunity to thank the teachers and students for the efforts they have put forth to make this issue of "The Spectator" a success.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

## High School Prophecy of 1912

One cold, dreary day as I sat dreaming before the fire, I thought how much I would like to know what all of my high school friends would be doing twenty years from now.

Slowly I seemed to lose consciousness. Then I felt as if I was sinking, sinking, sinking in cold, cold water. When I came to I was in a fisherman's boat, which was rapidly rowing me to a near by shore. I sat up and my eyes fell on the face of my rescuer, for it was none other than one of the bright senior class, Frank Belford. We had only time to greet each other, when we reached the shore, where waited a noisy group of rosy faced youngsters, who greeted Frank with exclamations of delight. After introducing his brood to me, Frank led me to his little home, where I met the charming little mother of the noisy children.

After we had finished our supper, we sat before the fire and talked of our school days. I asked him if he knew what had become of any of our old friends. He said that he had lost track of all but John Sink, who was fast accumulating a fortune in the chicken business, on the island not far from where I was. It was said that he was disappointed in a love affair of his youth and so had isolated himself on this lonely island.



The next day he rowed me to a neighboring city and after taking me to a grand hotel bade me good-bye. That evening as I went down to dinner, whom should I meet but Charley Grant. After passing a few words with him I found that he was the owner of this beautiful hotel. I asked him how it was that Frank Belford did not know he was there and Charley told me that he only stayed at his hotel a few days in the year, spending most of his time traveling abroad. I asked him about my friends and he said that Norma Hurlbert had been a stenographer in a brilliant lawyer's office and had later married her employer.

Maude Thompson had become a school teacher, and was teaching in this city. He gave me her address and, thinking that perhaps she could tell me of the rest of my pals, I went to see her. Maude had changed little in the years that had passed. She was still gay and full of fun and now much loved by her pupils. She told me that her old friend Florence Lile had become a world renowned singer.

Genevieve Phelan had become very active in the literary world and her friend Zell Harwood, who had sought fame in auto races, was soon to be married to an automobile agent.

Clara Orr was ambitiously leading the suffragettes' cause in a large city, some distance away.

Lloyd Browne had become world famous as a broncho buster, away off in the plains.

W. T. Brush was doing well at pulling teeth.

Gertrude Ludwig, who for some time had led a bright stage career, had married and was now the happy mother of four jolly youngsters.

John Cooley was campaigning against Laura Endicott for the president's chair.

Nettie Beasley had married and was now travelling in Europe.

Maude could tell me no more so, determining to find the rest of my friends, I told her good-bye.

As I passed along the streets an enormous poster caught my



eye. "Ray Butler, champion ball pitcher, wins more laurels." I was not surprised at this for it had been prophecied in our school days. As I stood reading it, a familiar voice called, "Well, Cloverdale, how are you?" and turning, I beheld Zola Hotell dressed in the height of fashion and looking very happy and the young man with her she said was her husband. Nothing would do but that I should go home with them. As we walked along she told me what she knew of the old school chums.

Jasper Miller was very busy in the dairy business, having become disgusted with the chicken industry while in Cloverdale.

Ruth Belcher was now a leading member of the Pacific Telephone Company.

Louise Wilson was a bookkeeper in a large wholesale store in San Francisco.

Thelma Thompson was now running a millinery establishment and was called "Madame Clemente, from France."

Ruby Kolling and Elvinah Walker were becoming prominent chorus girls.

Phillip Prell had become professor of German in a large and famous university.

Lucretia Weythman was a trained nurse and a second "Lady Nightingale."

Elmer Thompson had become a motorcyclist and had gained great renown in these races.

Luella Roberts had married and settled down in a little town called Laytonville.

Marvin Read had become a famous architect and was known the world over.

Lola Shelford, the last but not less loved of my school chums, had opened a girls' boarding school which was fast winning renown.

Then all faded from my view and suddenly the red glow of the fire brought me back to life again and, though it had only been a dream, I was satisfied to leave the lives of my friends as I had seen them.

L. B., '14.



## The Old Blue and Gold

Near the glorious Russian River  
With its wealth of legend rare;  
As the school we all shall cherish,  
As the school to us so fair,  
We have seen her growth and progress  
And with spirit free and bold  
We declare our firm allegiance,  
To the Old Blue and Gold.

While the grand historic river  
Rolls to the ocean wide,  
May reverses ne'er befall thee  
And misfortune ne'er betide;  
For our hearts are filled with gladness  
When thy banners we behold  
And we pray for countless blessings,  
To the old Blue and Gold.

Though the years in quick succession  
Roll away to come no more  
And we wander, never straying  
Every land and ocean o'er.  
We will still recall with gladness  
Happy days we spent of old  
When we marched beneath the  
Banners of the Old Blue and Gold.

Written for Cloverdale Union High School by Professor  
Way of Petaluma, California.



## Literary

### The Stricken City by Moonlight

On Tuesday night, just seven days after the earthquake and fire that destroyed San Francisco I crossed from Berkeley to the ruined city. I was returning from an errand done in the service of the Red Cross and passed through the devastated area to the headquarters. I stepped from the boat to the Ferry Building with but few companions, and while they dispersed to their destinations in distant parts of the unburned suburbs, I gave the countersign to the sentinel and entered the burned out area.

But few men have beheld a scene like the one I saw that night. Alone I passed among the ruins. Up Market Street I went where a week before life flowed in its fullness; now silent and covered with debris. Down this same Street we had marched on Saturday, the hot pavements and glowing embers reminding me that we had fought in vain for the preservation of the city. What a march that was! Every man was awed into a realization of his own insignificance. No sound save the swish and tread of our feet in the ashes. Each gripped his musket and choked down a sob as the tears came to his eyes. No soldiers ever felt a keener sense of defeat than we did on that Saturday marching through the ruins of the Beloved City we could not save.

To the south of Market I cast a hurried glance. It was mostly burned bare. The flimsy wooden structures had gone up like dried grass before the fire. In this part, on Wednesday morning, the soldiers and police had to exert themselves to their utmost to save the people. Westward, for a score of blocks from the waterfront a wall of roaring fire had driven the in-



habitants out. Here the fire chief had lost his life in a ramshackle building. Now nothing greeted the eye but heaps of twisted iron and cellar holes, all intermingled with ashes and dust.

The utter ruin and desolation around me at that moment has seldom been seen by man. The ruined structures, bent, shattered, twisted, and distorted by the destructive elements, suggest a world long since dead and forgotten. This effect was heightened by a brilliant moonlight. The very Creator had forgotten this place, No sounds, no lights, not a living thing was there to suggest life had ever been in these desolate ruins. The rustle of the wind through the torn and broken structures seemed to be the whispering of spirits of beings long, long ago departed.

Not a worm, not an insect, not a bug, not a bird, or mouse, not a blade of grass or any living creature sent forth its friendly greeting. It seemed as if I had landed in a dead planet to view the remains of its departed life.

On yonder walls the lights and shadows were the spirits of ladies in holiday shopping. The murmur of the wind on its ragged edge was an echo of their laughter and gossip. Yonder dark shadows were a group of fellows with more than they could carry. That falling brick was an echo of their discordant voices. The whistle of the wind through that arch was the song of the Salvation Army Lassie calling men from their lives of sin. I seemed to pass into a trance and see the old life before me again, the busy city with its unending stream of life but all spectral and dim, a shadow life passing before my eyes.

At last weariness caused me to turn away and as I left the desolation behind me the challenge of the sentry broke the spell.

A. W. MILLER.



# The Victory and the Girl

ZOLA HOTELL, '14

It was one of those mornings in early February when the air is filled with a crispness that causes eyes to sparkle, the blood to rush through the veins, and make the step elastic with the very joy of living, that a group of boys stood talking and laughing before the laboratory door.

"I say, have you heard the news?" inquired a tall, good natured looking youth, as he rushed up to the group.

"What's the joke, Ray? Havn't found a new girl have you?" asked one of the boys with a grin.

"Girl! Fiddlesticks! Don't you know that Dan has been expelled and now we will have no show of winning the pennant from Wilcox High again this year?"

"What! Dan expelled! Impossible! Surely Prof. wouldn't be so mean as that! What's the row?" Came from the astonished group of boys.

"He is mean enough, and furthermore he has already expelled him. You know Dan had only one more chance, and that on good behavior, and now he has broken bonds, got into a scrape and that ended it. There isn't another boy that can run as Dan can, and he was our only hope of victory over Wilcox," explained Ray with a very dejected look, as he saw the other boys' faces fall at the bad news.

"What about Wilcox, and what's the row, fellows?" asked Ned Anderson, a tall looking boy, who had come up to the gathering just in time to hear the latter part of the speech, and noticing the crestfallen looks of the boys.

"Dan Nelson has been expelled, and there will be no hopes of the pennant being taken by one of our boys again this year," explained Ray, as he took Ned by the arm and walked away with him. Ned was a new boy in the school, having entered at the beginning of the semester, and was rather ignorant about school happenings as yet.



"You see it was this way," Ray went on to say as Ned asked Ray to tell him about it. "About four years ago, a crowd of fellows came from Wilcox High and stole our pennant from our campus, holding it as their trophy, and challenging our High to win it back by taking it in the mile run. So far, we have lost every year, but we had built high hopes of winning it this year as Dan was such a swell runner and now the Prof. had to go and expell him and we won't get it back for another year," Ray finished dolefully.

"Can't any of the Juniors enter, that want to?" asked Ned, an anxious look on his face.

"Yes, but there isn't any one to enter unless you are thinking of it?" came jokingly from Ray, then unexpectedly, "Say old man, didn't you tell me one time that you had gone in for the track before you came here?"

"Oh, I used to practice once in a while with the rest of the fellows." Ned answered slowly.

"Would you enter again?" eagerly asked Ray.

"I might," answered Ned indifferently as he turned on his heel and walked away.

At the ball game a week later Ned was chosen as referee. It was just before the game commenced, and he stood fingering the ball lovingly and eagerly scanning the faces of the crowd, in hopes of recognizing the face of the girl whose friendship he coveted. At last he saw her among a circle of ardent admirers. A pang of jealousy shot through him; and he bit his lips with the low expression. "You WILL be proud of me some day, if I have anything to say about it." Just then the girl turned towards him and he gave a start of surprise. Surely she was wearing the pin he had exchanged with her, for he could distinctly see the gold pin on the white sweater which she wore. How well he remembered the day when she had refused to wear it again for she thought he was a traitor to his school. He could even now hear the words, "Here is your pin. I do not care to have anything to do with a boy that is not loyal to his school." and himself saying as he drew himself up proudly.



"Keep it, someday I will prove to you that you are wrong" and now she was wearing it again. The world seemed to have a bright aspect to Ned after that night of the ball game and he was inspired to train every spare minute he could find.

It was the day set for the races. Ned had got up that morning feeling rather nervous and excited and now as he walked quickly to his place for the races he was saying to himself, "Steady, steady old man." Now, all were in their places, and as the first shot broke the stillness away they flew, as if their feet had wings. "Wilcox High, Wilcox High" yelled the rooters for Wilcox. "Go to it Ned! Go it!" yelled the other side, as Ned steadily gained on the Wilcox man. Around the race track they steadily came, the Wilcox man still in the lead, but with Ned close to his heels. As they neared the goal where hung the pennant the Wilcox man gave a sudden dash and seizing the pennant in his right hand rushed on, holding the pennant high above his head and leaving the astonished Ned quite a distance behind.

The Wilcox crowd simply roared in their excitement, while the crowd on Ned's side was not far behind them, for they knew they must encourage Ned at least.

Ned heard the shouting and it gave him strength, for above all the shouting he fancied he heard encouraging words from a little black-eyed girl in a white sweater.

Around the turn they came, the Wilcox man in the lead but with Ned steadily gaining ground. In the grandstand there was no noise now but all the people were leaning forward in their seats looking with straining eyes at the two boys racing near the goal. The tenseness grew, until the very breath of the runners could be heard as they came nearer.

On they came, Ned gaining and when in about ten feet of the goal Ned lunged forward, took the pennant from the Wilcox man and finished the ground, falling into the arms of the joyous crowd at the goal.

In the midst of the rooting Ned found his way out of the crowd and found himself face to face with the girl in the white sweater.



"Oh, Ned, it was simply glorious! she began eagerly, then seeing the anxious look on his face and misinterpreting it, she said "Ned, can you, and will you forgive me?"

As they were surrounded again by the happy crowd he heard her murmur, "I want to wear the pin again Ned." and he smiled a charmingly happy smile.

## The Electric Transporter

By JASPER MILLER.

Having read a great deal of the Electric Transporter in the newspapers, I resolved to go to see it. So about a week ago I went to Prof. Barber, the inventor, and asked permission to see it work. He readily consented and took me to his workshop, which was located in his back yard.

The shop contained all kinds of electrical devices, too numerous to mention. The Professor showed me the Electric Transporter, which, from the outside, resembled an ordinary cabinet about seven feet tall having two doors. He explained fully how it worked; claiming that he could put an animal or human being into one side of the cabinet and the animal or man would be reduced to a fluid, electrically transported over a wire, and at the other end be changed back to the animal or human shape again.

In one side was the sending device and in the other side was the receiving. There was a cabinet at each end of the wire. With this device the Professor claimed that a man could step into the sending side of the cabinet, at San Francisco, turn on a switch, be reduced to a fluid, transported over the wire, and come out at New York entirely intact in the short space of fifteen minutes.

He also claimed that he could send both ways at the same time over the same wire and there would be no danger of the travelers getting mixed. The Professor proceeded to show me how the device worked.

He got word by telephone that a man was about to start



from New York. In order to demonstrate his last statement he placed a cat in the sending side of the cabinet. Turning on the electricity the Professor and I waited for the machine to do its work. But alas! even the best regulated machines fail to work properly.

Imagine our surprise on opening the cabinet to find, not a man, but a hideous creature that was neither man nor cat but seemed to be a combination of both. He had the face and body of a man, but had ears like a cat, and fur all over his head. Here and there on his body were patches of fur. He had feet and claws like a cat.

On stepping out of the cabinet the creature let out a yowl that would make any back-yard tommy jealous. Then it began to talk like any human being. It seems that the machine failed to work properly and the cat and man got mixed on the way, resulting in the creature which we saw.

## An Old Clock's Story

LAURA ENDICOTT, '15

One New Year's eve I was at home alone and was sitting by the fireplace reading. All was still but the snapping fire and the low, slow tick of the old, tall clock that stood in the corner of the large parlor. This clock had been in the family for years.

"This is New Year's Eve, Old Clock, can't you talk to me and tell me something of your life? If you could only talk I know I would like you better," said I in a half undertone. Then I sat gazing into the fire and to my surprise the ticks became words and this is what it told:

"A hundred years ago tonight I landed on the wild shore of America. I was first kept in a log cabin. One night the folks all ran and left me alone. Then I saw the Indians were trying to set the house on fire, so I began to strike and they became frightened and ran, leaving our house and family unharmed."

"Several years later I crossed the mountains and settled



near a large river. I could look out of a window and watch the waves. I was the only clock in hundreds of miles so every one came to me for time. I felt so proud, I never told them wrong.'

"One time the Rebels were at our home trying to take everything. I began to strike and did so until I was superstitious. He thought this a bad omen, so they also left without anything. I have kept money hid for my owners many times.'

"A few years later I moved to where I now stand and if I am not let run down, every New Year's eve I will tell my story I love this family and if I am ever taken from it I will cease to run forever."

I sprang to my feet as it stopped talking, then ran to it and wound it. "Old Clock, I will see that you are wound regularly and that you never leave our family. I certainly do love you better as I know more of you."

Every New Year's eve we assemble at the fireplace to listen to the old clock's story at midnight, and I am sure none of us ever tire of it.





## Junior Class History

NORMA HURLBERT, '13

June 18, 1909, a class of twelve graduated from the eighth grade of Cloverdale Grammar School. Only seven out of the twelve who graduated entered High School. Others soon entered which made our number, as Freshmen, thirteen.

During our Freshmen year many of our number held offices in the O. V. L. and some were on the Spectator staff. Two of our boys took active part in athletics, one on the track and another on the basket ball team.

After vacation when school started again, only ten came back and before the end of the term this number had decreased to five girls. Although our class is small, two of the five took part in the High School Commencement play.

In the Junior year the five girls all came back again and we have proved ourselves "true blue," as one of the girls is president of the O. V. L. Society and the leading ladies of the play for this year's Commencement program are from the Junior class. We also have literary talent in our class. One of our number was elected Editor-In-Chief of the "Spectator" and three are on the staff.

As our Junior year draws to a close, we look forward to a still brighter Senior year.



# HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1914

On August 15, 1910, a jolly band of boys and girls entered Cloverdale High School. They were immediately initiated into the O. V. L. Society by the upper classmen. After an enjoyable reception given at McCray's Dance Hall, we settled down to earnest study.

Several of the class went in for athletics, and took active part in O. V. L. Society functions. The Editor of the Spectator was one of our boys. One boy was a prominent player on the Basket Ball Team while one of the girls did very good playing on the Girls' Team.

After a long vacation we returned to school, only thirteen coming back, five having dropped out. During the first semester of our Sophomore year our number dwindled down to nine. One of our girls was chosen Captain of the Basket Ball Team while another was chosen manager. Of the boys, one was chosen as Captain of the Boys' Basket Ball Team. The present Manager of the Spectator is one of our bright Sophomore boys.

Z. M. H., '14.





## History of the Freshman Class

On June 8, 1911, a class of fourteen graduated from Cloverdale Grammar School with great honors.

Out of the fourteen graduates, eight of us, joined by two others from other schools, entered the Cloverdale Union High School on August 28, 1911.

We were given a reception by the upper classmen, and at the first meeting of the O. V. L. we were initiated into that society.

After the Christmas vacation two more members became freshmen, making a freshman class of twelve,—three boys and nine girls.

The Freshman class shines out brightly not only in class works but also in Athletics; two of our girls are on the Basket Ball team, one of our boys has been appointed Captain of the C. U. H. S. Baseball Team and another of our boys holds an honored place as a member of the "Spectator" staff.

L. W., 15.



## Recipes From the Domestic Science Class in C. H. S.

A. W. MILLER.

6 sq. in. tallness, 5 gal. uncontrollable energy mixed thoroughly with 2 lbs. determination. Beat briskly for fifteen minutes. Add a dash of temper. This makes excellent.

MILLER SHORT CAKE.

MISS H. PIERSON

To love of travel add 2 pts. sympathy. Beat thoroughly, adding gradually 7tsp. modesty and 11 gills "Love enforcing discipline." Bake to a delicate brown. This is a tested recipe for

HANNAH'S ANGEL FOOD.

MISS J. SMITH.

13 qts. musical ability, creamed with 7 pts. dignity, 3 gal. exactness, add 3 qts. stateliness and add 165 cc. jolliness. Beat until light; bake in a hot oven; to be eaten immediately.

SMITH'S HOT CROSS BUNS.

MISS L. BAUR.

To 8 qts. strong will add 1 gal. good nature. Mix well with 16 pts. jolliness. Beat constantly, adding a dash of pepper. Flavor to taste.

LEMON SHERBET A LA LOUISE.

LLOYD BROWNE, '12.

1 cup lankiness, 3 lbs. business ability, 10 gal. "love for English," 5,000 kgm. mathematical brains, whip until creamy and quickly add a dash of flirtiness. This will make an excellent

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.

W. T. BRUSH, '12.

To 16 lbs. desire for a good time add 14 qts. forgetfulness, 1 cup good nature, 1 gal. excuses; beat to a stiff froth and fry in a hot oven. This is a tested and approved recipe for

T. CAKES.



FLORENCE LILE, '12.

3 gal. alertness, 2 lbs. "artistability," 11 qts. mischief. Sprinkle well with an abundance of temper and you will have

LILE SHORT CAKE.

FRANK BELFORD, '12.

1 cc. worldly wisdom, 6 qts. sagacity, 15 gills grouchiness cook for 10 minutes and when cool cover with a crust of frankness and you will have delicious

FRANK FURTERS.

JOHN SINK, '12.

3 lbs bluffing, 5 qts. babishness, 10 qts. "so called wit," 1 cup hot air. Mix well together; sprinkle with plenty of laziness and you will have

JOHNNY (DEVIL) CAKE.

NETTIE BEASLEY, '13.

To 5 lbs "love of music," add 18 qts. preparation for ex's, 6 chillicopina peppers. Stir in a little nervousness and plenty of frizzles and this makes splendid

BEASLEY WAFFLES.

GERTRUDE LUDWIG, '13.

9 lbs "love of stage," a pinch of cayenne pepper, 1 qt. coquettishness, 3 doz. joshes; let rise over night and knead in 1 qt. "love for a good time."

LUDWIG KOFFE KAKE.

MAUDE THOMPSON, '13.

8 gal. ability, 3 tsp. conceit, 1 cup "love for mischief." Stir well; add a few pickles, 16 gills sociability. "Red Bud" flavoring.

THOMPSON FALLEN ANGEL CAKE.

RUTH BELCHER, '13.

5 pts. modesty, 1 lb "desire for a good time," 1 tsp. debatability; mix thoroughly and stir in plenty of waltzing. Flavor with extract of peppermint.

RUTH KISSES.



NORMA HURLBERT, '13.

1 ton mania for talking, 5 gal., "do as I please," 5,000 kgm., fickleness, 7 qts., giggles, a dash of pepper and stir for one hour and you will have

HURLBERT'S CRANBERRY SAUCE.

LUCILLE BRUSH, '14.

To 1 gal. haughtiness add 1 cup dignity, 2 pts. vivacity, with plenty of determination. Beat well and frost with 6 ft. of auburn frizzles.

LUCILLE BORDEAU PUFFS.

LOUISE WILSON, '14.

5 lbs. cartooning, 18 qts. love for basketball, 9 lbs. of independence. Stir quickly and add a dash of smiles; flavor to suit.

WILSON WAFFLES.

JOHN COOLEY, '14.

Dessicate 1 lb. mischeviousness to which add 1 gal. preparation for ex's, 200 cc. wit, 3 tsp. business ability. Cook well and when cool cover with a crust of oratory.

APPLE JONATHAN.

LOLA SHELFORD, '14.

5 gal. spunk, 2 kgs. courage, 10 gills forgetfulness, 1 lb jolliness. Beat well and add a few drops of lemon.

SHELFORD LEMON DROPS.

ZOLA HOTELL, '14.

To 4 qts. dreaminess add 2 pts. abruptness, 1 cup cheerfulness; beat to cream and add a dash of impudence. Cook slowly.

HOTELL FRITTERS.

LUELLA ROBERTS, '14.

To a very amiable disposition gradually add a cup of caprice, 1 lb meditation, 1-2 teaspoon thinness. Let rise until light and bake to a delicate brown and you will have

ROBERTS' ROLY POLY DUMPLINGS.



CHAS. GRANT, '14.

1 wine glass smiles, 1 lb good nature, dissolve thoroughly; then add 6 tsp. blushes. Flavor with lemon; now beat until flaky and you will have

GRANT SPONGE CAKE.

PHILIPP PRELL, '14.

14 kgm. worldly wisdom, 10 qts. "think I am cute," 3 kgs. love of dancing, 18 qts. ingenuity; chop fine with a spade and add a little vinegar,

PHILLIPP'S SAUER KRAUT.

RAY BUTLER, '15.

To a "love for baseball" slowly add 1 cup of bashfulness, 3 kgm. mischief, 10 cc. liveliness. Beat to a frazzle then add a dash of ginger.

BUTLER GINGER SNAPS.

MARVIN READ, '15

1 qt. mischievousness, 25c worth "Love for Latin," 4 pts. sausiness; mix well and sprinkle heavily with imagination. This is a tested recipe for

READ MUFFINS.

THELMA THOMPSON, '15.

Cream together an equal portion of flirtiness and stubbornness, add 2 qts. gaiety and sprinkle well with idleness and you will have

THELMA PINOCHE.

JASPER MILLER, '15.

7 qts. imagination, 2 tsp. eloquence, 5 gal. "Borrowed Wit," 8,000 cc. self conceit. Thicken with good nature and boil for one hour. This is a tested recipe for

MILLER SAUCE.

ZELL HARWOOD, '15.

4 qts. babishness, 1 gal. "have my own way," 1 cup whims, 18 oz. sausiness. Beat till screamy and thicken with powder.

HAR (D) WOOD PANCAKES.



RUBY KOLLING, '15.

Beat 4 lbs flirtiness to proper consistency, then add 1 kg. "Love for a good time," 5 pts. inexactness, 1 cup spunk. Bake to delicate brown.

KOLLING NOODLES.

CLARA ORR, '15.

To 1 pt. industriousness, add 3 tsp. talkativeness, 9 pt. giggles, 16 gills determination. Bake immediately in a fireless cooker.

CHOCOLATE "E' CLAIRE'S."

LAURA ENDICOTT, '15.

3 gal. studiousness mixed thoroughly with 3 qts. good nature, add slowly 1 tsp. decidedness. Beat to cream then add extract of exactness.

ENDICOTT LADY FINGERS.

GENEVIEVE PHELAN, '15.

3 cups whims, 2 1-2 lbs. independence, 2 pts. willfulness, 24 pecks "have my own way." Stir constantly and add a dash of pepper.

PHELAN PICKLES.

LUCRETIA WEYTHMAN, '15.

2 lbs shyness, 1 pk. modesty, 2 pgs. "studiousness," add an abundance of good nature; sprinkle with worry. This makes excellent.

PEACHES AND CREAM a la WEYTHMAN.

ELVENAH WALKER, '15.

To an equal portion of paint and powder gradually add stationery blushes until a delicate pink, 2 lbs of determination; beat for 15 minutes and add a dash of essence of spunk and you will have

ELVENAH WATERMELON CAKE.





# Society

We believe that the social side of life is one not to be ignored. Work alone would succeed only in making a one sided development. Then too, a little recreation once in a while tends to keep alive the interest of the pupils. For this reason we decided at the beginning of last year to have as many social affairs as possible without interfering with our work.

## **RECEPTION TO NEW TEACHERS AND FRESHIES**

One of the most pleasing affairs given by the O. V. L. Society was the reception given to the Freshmen and new teachers, on the evening of September 15, 1911, in Humbert's Opera House. The hall was very prettily decorated in the Freshmen colors, interwoven with large festoons of pumpkin blossoms. Cards and dancing were enjoyed until a late hour when light refreshments were served.

## **THE BARN PARTY**

A very unique party which was carried out very successfully was the barn party given September 22, 1911. The scene of the revel was a large warehouse which had been changed into a beautiful bower of harvestry. Good music, a fine floor and a jolly crowd of boys and girls made the evening pass very enjoyably.

## **SURPRISE PARTY**

A decided change from the usual parties given by the school was the surprise party given to our schoolmate, Maude Thomp-



son, at her home, October 24, 1911, in honor of her 18th birthday. Games and good music added to the evening merriment. Late that evening dainty refreshments were served. Then showering upon Maude our best wishes and felicitations we departed.

### LEAP YEAR BALL

The Leap Year Ball, given by the C. H. S., on January 11, 1912, in Humbert's Opera House, was the most elaborate affair of the season. It was a great success, both socially and financially. Two weeks beforehand, the girls worked hard in preparing decorations for the hall and in getting out some very effective posters, which were sent to neighboring towns as well as distributed at home. When the girls had finished with the hall it was completely transformed. Long streamers of crepe paper of our own school colors, palms and bamboo gave a pleasing effect. Signs were tacked about on the walls which warned young men what would be their punishment if they forgot their Leap Year manners. Over seven dollars were collected in fines. One young man contributed to this fund nine times. Sixty couples "wove the magic maze" to the strains of the Royal Italian Orchestra. The stage was converted into a dainty little dining room where ice cream and cake were served.

### THE SOCIAL DANCE

Another of our delightful dances was the social dance May 11, 1912, in the Opera House. The dance was given in order to raise funds for publishing of the "Spectator." The refreshments were thoroughly enjoyed by all. The affair was a great success from start to finish.

G. L., '13



# O. V. L. Notes

G. L., '13

For the O. V. L. Society the last year has been a success not only in a social way but in a business way as well. The semi-monthly programs have been greatly enjoyed. They have consisted of musicales, farces, studies of great men and various other forms of entertainment.

## THE C. H. S. GLEE CLUB

It was through the efforts of the O. V. L. Society that a Glee Club was organized under the direction of Miss Jean Smith. The club has an excellent collection of music of the best composers and is now handling some very difficult pieces of music.

## CITRUS FAIR EXHIBIT

The Society placed an exhibit in the Cloverdale Citrus Fair which won ninth prize. The design made of oranges, lemons and olives, bordered with trailing sprays of smilax, in the shape of the horseshoe of good luck for the 1915 fair, impressed many of the visitors with its appropriateness.

## THE COMMENCEMENT

The program has been shortened as usual, to give plenty of time for the Senior farce, "Blundering Billie."

The cast is as follows:

Ezra Tuttle, a rich mine owner.....	Lloyd Browne
Billy Butler, always in trouble.....	John Sink
Lieut. Griswold, from Presidio Reservation.....	W. T. Brush
Sing Toy, a servant.....	Phillip Prell
Hank Dibble, an old salt.....	Frank Belford
Zorothy Tuttle, Ezra's daughter.....	Nettie Beasley
Woyo San, a Japanese girl.....	Gertrude Ludwig
Clarissa Burnham, guest at "Strathmore".....	Florence Lile





## Girls' Basket Ball

The Girls' Basket Ball Team was organized the last part of the first semester, with Lucile Brush, '14, as manager, Louise Wilson, '14, as captain and Genevieve Phelan, Anita Grant, Thelma Thompson and Marie Grant as substitutes for the other members of the team.

On December the 9th our first game was played at Willits and we were defeated. Our second game was played at Lakeport with the town team. Lakeport won by a small score of 6 to 7. Other challenges were received by us from the Healdsburg, the Sonoma and the Geyserville teams but we could not accept them on account of having no suitable place to practice.

T. T., '15.



## Boys' Athletics 1911-1912

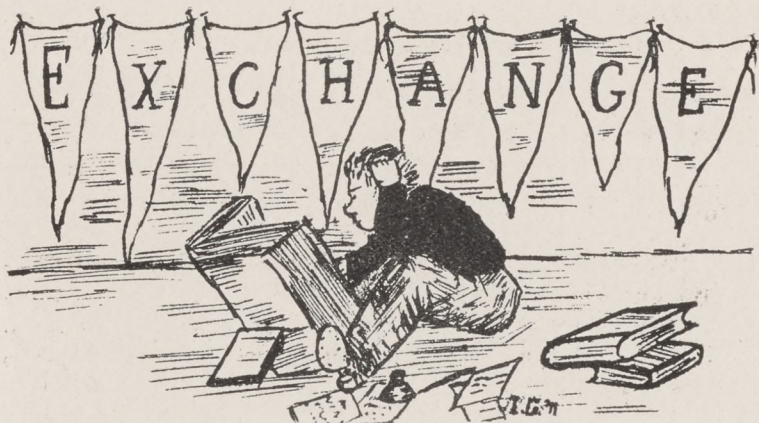
Athletics in the school this year have been confined chiefly to baseball although several of the boys were interested in basket ball during the winter. Ray Butler and Oscar Reger played at guard and forward positions on the Cloverdale "All Star" team and distinguished themselves by good work in several games. Let us hope that the High School shall be represented by a fast five next year.

In baseball the C. U. H. S. team played three good games winning them all. The first was with Geyserville, at Geyserville, in which the School team won, 14 to 7. In the second game the school defeated Geyserville, at Recreation Park, by a 6 to 5 score. In the third contest the Cloverdale Merchants were defeated by a 2 to 1 score in a fast eleven-inning game. The success of the team lies chiefly with Captain Butler, who did some great work on the mound and proved to be the main strength of the team all round.

C. H. S. did not get organized in time to play our game with Healdsburg in the Sub-League of the Academic Athletic League. Next year it is hoped that with so many veterans of this year's team back, the High School will be represented by a fast nine that will prove the winner in the Sub-League in the county.

R. B., '15.





"Skirmisher," We were very much pleased with both your numbers. You surely had an excellent exchange column in your October issue.

"Tomahawk," Your paper was splendid. It was well gotten up and the number of cuts made it very attractive.

"Review," We enjoyed your Commencement number. Your literary work was especially good.

"Argus," We found your excellent paper very interesting. "The Price of Fame" was well written. Come again.

"Aurora," An index would be a great improvement to your paper. Please state near the front of the book where your paper is published. The literary work was fine. The cuts though few were well drawn.

"Echo," You undoubtedly did well in your first edition. We suggest that you have an exchange column instead of mentioning the names of papers you have received from other schools, in your literary department. We congratulate you on the amount of musical talent you have in your school.

"Sotoyoman," Your papers are short but well arranged. You do well to get them out every month. We are always pleased to see you.



"Agricola," We were very much interested in your first edition. We wish you success in the future.

"Searchlight," Your papers showed that you have excellent literary talent in your school. The December issue was especially good. You had a fine exchange column, but why did you put an advertisement on the outside of the cover?

"Gold Pan," We didn't like the idea of putting a picture of the girls' basket ball team at the Lead of the Josh Department. We think we should have objected had we been on that team. We think it was very fitting for you to dedicate your paper to Bret Harte.

"Pneus," "A Political Crisis" is a very clever story. Where are your exchanges and index? The girls' basket ball team has done good work this year.

N. I. B., '13.

## Alumnae

RUTH BELCHER, '13

Jean Smith, '93, is teaching in the Cloverdale High School.

Frank Yordi, '95, and wife, (Ethel Caldwell, '93) are now living in San Diego.

Adah Williams, '96, has just announced her engagement to Dr. Drucks of Susanville and in the near future will make her home in that place.

Jessie Bentley, 1900, is teaching school near Cloverdale.

Mrs. Brunning, (Annie Koester, '01), resident of Petaluma.

Mrs. Deitman, (Joe Levicy, '01) is living in San Francisco.

Sue Shelford, '03, is teaching the third and fourth grades of the Cloverdale Grammar School.



Mrs. Roberts, (Alice Caldwell, '03) is living in San Diego.

Margaret Menihan, '03, is at home.

Alice Porterfield, '03, has a position in the recorder's office at U. C.

Hiram Casey, '05, is practicing law in San Francisco.

Mrs. F. Gorman, (Marion Chase, '05) is now living in Arizona.

Mrs. F. McAbee, (Ethel Lile, '06) is visiting in Cloverdale.

Nora Pruitt, '08, is one of the office employes of the Metropolitan Insurance Company, in San Francisco.

Frank Sedgley, '08, is conducting the Clover Leaf Pharmacy in partnership with Mr. May.

Emily Seymore, '08, is teaching at San Miguel, San Luis Obispo County.

Markell Baer, '08, is attending college at Berkeley.

Mattie Elliott, '08, is teaching school at Hermitage.

Hazel Shelford, '09, is at home.

Hazel Browne, '10, and Fay Northcott, '10, are attending the San Jose Normal.

Cecil Gowan, '10, is teaching school near Philo.

Emma Sedgley, '11, is attending the San Jose Normal.

Isabelle Grant, '11, is going to business college in Oakland.

Dan Sink, '11, is attending college at Berkeley.

Will McCabe, '11, is at Los Angeles studying a dental course at the University of Southern California.

Herbert Belford, '11, is at home.

The members of the Cloverdale High School extend their sympathy to the Misses Anita and Isabelle Grant in their bereavement in the loss of their father, the late Dr. C. F. Grant, who passed away April 15th at the home of his mother, at Healdsburg.



## Alphabet of Discipline in C. H. S.

- A sk not thy teacher how old she is.  
B e thou reverend to thy Upper-Classmen.  
C ut not thy classes, lest thou be punished.  
D eface not school property.  
E at not thy candy before offering thy teacher some.  
F resh seniors must be salted down lest they spoil.  
"G et wise, say nothing and saw wood."  
H ave reverence for the Bust of Caesar.  
Inquire not "when" and "how"—T'is yours but to do and die."  
J oke not in classes; it is neither funny nor cute.  
K eep thy feet out of the isle lest thy fellow students should stumble and fall.  
L earn thy lessons lest thou fail in thy ex's.  
M ove not thy feet when thy neighbor walks across the floor.  
N o French Poodles allowed at school lest they disturb reciting classes and nervous teachers.  
O pen not thy mouth to speak during roll call, lest thou bring down the "righteous indignation" of thy teacher upon you.  
P ass the waste basket, thou incorrigible freshman!  
Q uestion not the deeds and actions of thy Upper-Classmen.  
R emain not after school lest thou become homesick.  
S eniors! run not thru the hall lest thou lose thy dignity.  
T hrow not thy orange peeling on the school grounds.  
U se not a "pony" lest thou arouse thy teacher's wrath.  
V erily, verily thou shalt not steal thy neighbor's books, pens or pencils lest thou inherit eternal damnation.  
W alking up and down the side-walk in front of the school-house prohibited.  
X cuses for failure to learn thy lessons not tolerated by teachers.  
Y oung girl students must not wear rats lest they squeak during school hours.  
Z ealous and helpful to thy Editor be.



## Rules and Regulations for Freshmen

1. Absolutely no, "spooning," will be allowed on the school grounds.
2. Freshmen are to be seen, not heard, in the O. V. L. meetings.
3. Never contradict your elders.
4. Don't collect in the assembly hall at recess or noon hour.
5. Paint, powder, and eyebrow penciling are positively forbidden,—anyone caught violating this rule shall be placed in the detention ward.
6. No free lunches shall be allowed,—that privilege is for upper classmen only.
7. Never address your upper classmen by their first names,—it is not polite.
8. Freshmen must pass waste paper basket.
9. Do not set the clock ahead.
10. Take notice of example set by the seniors.
11. No jokes allowed in the backs of books.
12. Don't chew gum in school.
13. Do not scatter orange peelings on the school grounds.—  
By order of the janitor.
14. Freshmen must be quiet during book-keeping period.
15. Never play the piano before obtaining permission from upper classmen.
16. Do not deface Senior property.
17. Don't go joy riding of evenings,—stay home and prepare your lessons.
18. Don't hang around your upper classmen,—they have not the least desire to "rob the cradle."



## Information Bureau

This Department is conducted for the benefit of all members of the C. H. S. desiring information regarding the subjects of School, Etiquette, Beauty Hints, etc. State questions briefly and clearly and you will receive as prompt answers as is possible among so many students.

“Girly”—Under the circumstances it would be permissible for you to wear hair curlers to school, although it is customary to wear them only in your boudoir.

J. S.—Yes I agree with you. Curly hair is attractive and especially to your type of beauty, but let me advise you to refrain from the use of irons, as it is very injurious to the hair.

“Brown Eyes”—The recipe you asked for, (Fallen Angel Cake), will be found under the “Domestic Science Class” in this issue.

2. “Red Bud” is undoubtedly the best.

Phillip—I am sorry, but this department does not include poultry raising. Would, however, refer you to A. W. Miller or Lloyd S. Browne.

Jasper—Certainly, “leap year proposals” are perfectly proper. You did right in consenting so readily.

L. R.—1. Yes, if persisted in, exercises are the best thing. Rolling is highly recommended also.

2. It is quite proper (if your mother does not object) to correspond with the young man.

3. Ukiah would certainly make an ideal home.

Norma—“Nil Desperandum.” Yes, many a happy marriage results from leap year proposals.

Lola S.—No, I really would not advise you to go with the young man if your guardians object. 2. Although red hair is very becoming to some, under the circumstances you might use a good hair dye.



F. L.—No, I would not advise “picking posies” with a young man as proper conduct. 2. The cake recipe you want is given in this department under “Brown Eyes.”

Charlie—1. No. 2. Yes, it is perfectly proper to leave May Baskets for your girl friends. No, I do not agree with you. Red roses are preferable to yellow. 3. Yes indeed, green sweaters are very much in style at present, and would be the right choice for light complected persons.

Lucile—The following is a recipe which I am sure will prove a cure for freckles:

Zinc Ointment.....	one dram
Vaseline.....	2 drams
Glue.....	1 oz.

Massage this lightly into the face, then apply a thin solution of coal tar. One application will be sufficient.

A. W. Miller—No, ten months is not too young for a child to cut its first tooth.

Zell—No, I would not advise a Freshman to use too much powder, it is not good for the complexion. 2. Yes, perfectly proper providing you don't drive too fast.

“Woyo”—I congratulate you on giving up your foolish idea for the stage. With your temperament, I am sure you would be much happier in a home of your own. 2. Yes, the engagement ring is worn on the second finger of the left hand.

W. T.—No, don't become discouraged if “Woyo” does not always have a smile for you. Of course it is all right for you to have several girls at once, but I would advise you to see that they reside in different places to avoid conflicts.



## Just for Information

For those who intend to see New York this summer, these little hints before-hand might be of some use.

To get an idea of New York, we first may imagine West Street to be Broadway, New York. The only difference between these two streets is that Broadway is not quite so crowded as West street, and that there are a few more automobiles, taxicabs, electric cars, elevated trains and, not to forget, subway trains, below, on, and above West Street, than there are on Broadway.

And then we might contrast the enormous buildings, the sky scrapers of Cloverdale, such as the Hollaway and the Carico buildings, with the small and almost disappearing Metropolitan and Singer buildings of New York.

Although New York may have the reputation of having some of the finest theaters in the world, yet, beside the magnificently designed and beautifully equipped Opera House of Cloverdale, they look like Nickelodeons. And their actors! New York claims to have the best to be found anywhere. The New Yorkers ought to come to Cloverdale and see and hear some of our famous stars, who sometimes appear on the local stage (not the Booneville stage) and who cannot be rivaled in any part of the globe, not even in Ireland.

And now come the Hotel accommodations which await the stranger in Cloverdale. These cannot be surpassed, for they make the Waldorf and the Astor Hotels in New York appear like fifteen-cent lodging houses.

But when we think of John Cooley, who drives very easily with his large and comfortable limousine over the smooth and asphalt paved road toward McCray's and of John D. Rockefeller or J. P. Morgan, who are having great trouble with their "one-lunged" Reos while driving over the rough and muddy surface of Fifth Avenue, we have no desire whatever to leave Cloverdale.

Phillip Prell, '14.





Lloyd B., in History, looking out of the window at the Shirley Poppies: "Mr. Miller are those artichokes growing by the side of the school house?"

\* \* \* \*

Miss P.: (In history) "How did Victor Emanuel get the throne of Italy?"

Phillip: (Brightly) "Well, he was the son of his father, and I guess they gave it to him."

\* \* \* \*

Miss P. (His. 2): "Phillip what happened to Cromwell then?"

Phillip: "I-er-don't know, but I think he died a natural death."



Miss Baur: (in book-keeping) "What is a draft?"

Genevieve: "Oh, a breeze between two doors."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Smith, (in Eng. 1 ): "What is a climax?"

Thelma: "A climax is the point of a story."

Laura: "Oh, maybe that's what struck me when I sat on the book Ruby was reading."

\* \* \* \*

It's nice to have an auto, eh? Zell thinks so, any way.

\* \* \* \*

Pretty girl to grocery clerk: "Do you keep dates?"

"I do, miss. How would eight-thirty o'clock at the post-office suit you?"

\* \* \* \*

Miss Pierson: "John, name two famous living men."

J. C.: "The Wright Brothers."

Miss P.: (In surprised voice) "Oh! do you call the Wright Brothers two men?"

\* \* \* \*

Miss Baur: (in book-keeping) "What is a note?"

Ruby: "Oh, a miniature letter This is one I am reading from—(?)."

\* \* \* \*

We were surprised to hear from a learned sopohomore that the "Deserted Village" is the story of an Albatross.



If people were roasted, would Louise get Brown.

\* \* \* \*

"Oh, no. Ther aint any favorites in this family," soliloquized Johnny. "Oh, no, if I bite my finger nails, I catch it over the knuckles, but if the baby eats his whole foot, they think it's cute!" — Ex.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Smith, (English 2): "Lola, where was the ship?"

Lola: "In the ocean."

"Luella," said Miss Smith, "can you tell what a synonym is?"

\* \* \* \*

"Yes," replied Luella. "A synonym is a word you write when you don't know how to spell the other."

\* \* \* \*

Don't forget Pinchower's clothing store.

adv.

\* \* \* \*

Germany, upon stepping on an upper Classman's foot: "Oh, pardon, ah, excuse ma foot."

\* \* \* \*

Norma, watching the plumbers placing asbestos around the furnace pipes: "What do you have to put that alabaster around those pipes for?"



## Our List of Advertisers

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Imrie & McClelland  
R. W. Bentley  
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Dineen's Pharmacy  
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A. W. Ahrens  
Brush & Sons  
Bank of Cloverdale  
Grant & Haehl  
Cavalli & Flynn  
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Harris' Bakery  
May's Pharmacy  
I. S. Lewis  
Wightman's Grocery  
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CAN DO IT JUST AS GOOD.

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SURGEON

Office Hours.  
Cloverdale, Calif.



Junior No. 1: Say, what is the matter with that woman you called on.

Junior No. 2: "She has malaria. She took it when she was picking hops in the hop yard or vineyard. I don't know which."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Baur, explaining short hand: "I want you to always remember you must use the same stroke in writing; 'I do not; 'You do not; 'He do not.' "

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Miller: (In Algebra) "Clara, what is the square root of one?"

Clara: "Two."

\* \* \* \*

An absent-minded bride, anxious not to forget to order two chickens for dinner, repeated to herself while clearing away the breakfast things: "Grocer-chickens, grocer-chickens."

The words became confused in her mind, so that when she went to the telephone she asked: "Have you any nice, young grocers?"

"Why-why--yes," replied an astonished voice at the other end of the wire.

"Well," said the bride, "send me two, dressed."

"Dressed," said the voice, more astonished than before.

"Why no," said the bride, "I believe you may send them undressed. If my husband comes home early he will wring their necks and the cook can dress them."—Ex.

\* \* \* \*

Little Nellie went up to her mother one day, and said: "Mother, if you hadn't married papa, and papa hadn't married you, whose little girl would I have been?"



## Cloverdale Livery & Feed Stables

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LA FLORIDAD  
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CALIF.



Genevieve: "Marvin, where's your knife?"

Marvin: "Oh, it's in my pocket."

\* \* \* \*

If your Butler gave you a funny Phelan, would Zola Ho—  
tell?

\* \* \* \*

Miss Baur, to some girls busily engaged in conversation:  
"Girls, what are you talking about?"

First girl: "We're talking English, Miss Baur."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Miller, addressing the O. V. L. Society: "There is one  
thing you must learn to do, and that is to make speeches on  
your feet."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Pierson, after reading the last paragraph of Addison's  
essay on Exercises to the English Class: "Now Lloyd, if you  
wanted to exercise your soul, what would you do?"

Lloyd: (dreamily) "Oh, die and let it fly away, I guess."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Baur, assigning the Geometry lesson: "Be sure to re-  
view your maxims. (axioms).

\* \* \* \*

Junior to Miss Pierson: "What is an epigram?"

A wise Senior: "Oh, those are what people have on tomb-  
stones."

\* \* \* \*

Miss P.: "Who was Sir Gareth?"

Lloyd B.: (quickly) "Sir Gareth was a kitchen maid."



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JOHN JUNE, Proprietor

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## WHY?

Because of Quick Service  
consistent with First Class  
Work.

R. W. BENTLEY

Blacksmith and Wheelwright

ALL WORK GUARANTEED



Miss Baur: "John take that cat out."

John rises and takes one of the girls out of the room.

\* \* \* \*

Miss P., (History 2): "Why, when I was young, I went to Sunday School, and was taught that taking pens, pencils, paper and books was STEALING, and I would no more think of taking such things than I would of sticking my hands into the fire."

John C. (brilliantly): "Well, you were young and easily impressed then."

\* \* \* \*

#### IN HIS LINE

"How were you on athletics in college, John?"

"I was good at relay events, Dad."

"That's what I understood. Well, you kin just relay all the carpets your ma took up last fall."

\* \* \* \*

Maude, very much excited pasting joshes in the "Spectator" dummy: "Now, quick—somebody—bring me the bottle of salve."

\* \* \* \*

Wanted: Some one to take up a collection to get the Seniors' class rings.

\* \* \* \*

Strange to say, Hopland "voted dry," but horse medicine is to be had by those who know how to get it.



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REASONABLE PRICES

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Agent for the  
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CLOVERDALE, CALIF.

Not long ago a citizen of Hopland wending his way homeward, track—from this side to that, muttering to himself and wondering what his wife would say about his condition and the lateness of the hour. He had reached the square. It was midnight, but the citizen did not know it for as he looked up at the clock in the steeple of the M. E. Church; the dial seemed to revolve like a buzz saw. "I'm drunk," said the citizen, "drunk—too blamed drunk to see straight, but if that clock would strike I'm not so drunk but what I can count."

He sat down on the steps to think it over. Just then the clock began to strike. The citizen counted: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten,—it mus' be 'leven. 'Leven no, it's twelve."

Just then the Presbyterian clock began—thirteen, fourteen, fifteen,—sixteen—"Gee"—seventeen. "D'ye hear that"—eighteen. "Lord, but I'm full"—nineteen. "Holy smokes"—twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three—" — — — —" — — — — twenty four. "Oh, but Mary will give it to me! I never was out so late in my life."—Ex.



Mr. Miller: (To Mrs. Miller, while riding on the train)  
"Oh! look at the mush trees!"

Mrs. Miller: "Aw! those are not mush trees. They are  
wild oats."

\* \* \* \*

Wanted. A chaperone to accompany N. H. to school.

\* \* \* \*

Question: Why is the floor before the mirror in the third  
room worn so thin?

For information see Freshmen Girls.

\* \* \* \*

Junior: "When is St. Patrick's Day?"

M. T.: "Seventeenth of Ireland."

\* \* \* \*

#### OVERHEARD AT AN INITIAL SUPPER

Norma: (gazing disgustedly at her plate, which contained  
an article for each letter of her name). "Say, I don't like my  
name a bit."

Jasper: (gallantly coming to the rescue). "May I change it  
for you?"

Norma: (blushing) "Oh! This is so sudden."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Baur: "Who threw that?"

John S.: (boldly) "Nobody."

Miss B.: "Well, don't do it again."

\* \* \* \*

One Freshie to another: "You'd better go wash your face  
—you've got cracker-juice all over it."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Miller, curiously examining the feathers of the Japanese  
Silkies in the Poultry Department of the State Demonstrating  
Train while it was in Cloverdale: "Do you call this wool, fur  
or feathers?"

Demonstrator: "It is fur. These were hatched from cold  
storage eggs, so they require fur to keep them warm."



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ern Sonoma County

## United States Hotel

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## Cavalli & Flynn

QUALITY GROCERS

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## Favorite Expressions or Chief Occupations

Phillip—"Vy shuah."

Norma—Talking.

Zell—Trying to make Colgate & Co. rich.

W. T.—Autoing.

Luella—Writing letters.

John S.—"What do you think I am, a traveling hardware store?"

Lucile—"Comment-vous partez-vous?"

Charlie—"Oh! you kid! How do you like my green sweater."

Zola—"For the love of Mike!"

Lloyd—"Girls, got your English?"

Louise—"Numbah, please."

John C.—"Got ya'. Shoot."

"Gert"—"Everybody's doin' it."

Ray—"You gotta' quit kickin' ma dawg aroun'."

Florence—"Oh, you old stinker!"

Genevieve—Trying to make everybody think she it "it."

Ruth—"Are you waiting?"

Maude—"For the love of——?" (Chief occ.—visiting McCray Sta. etc).

Frank—"Huh! You've got my goat!"

Nettie—Dancing.



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